

"They Do Be Sayin' That Hoorty's Come Back to Start Somethin' 'Fresh'," Ventured Mike Colgan.

"His job is Watchful Waitin', an' nobody can't say he ain't stickin' to it like a burr to a cow's tail. What he's watchin' for an' how long he'd order wait fer it—wal, mebbe he dunno that no more'n the burr does."

"I've a notion that after Very Cruz an' Niagary, they ain't no stomach fer startin' anythin' they can't see the end of. An' that's sense, too," said Ezra.

"Wal," remarked Scrag Esty, rather aggressively, "you fellers c'n knock all you're mind to, but nobody can't deny they've kep' us out of a fight."

"There was a small war fer the Service o' Mankind," observed Uncle Eben. "Course nobody ain't claimin' we're in a fight now."

"Nobody that kin tell a fight from a foot race," supplemented Ezra.

"Thruze fer ye," said Colgan. "But there's times whin 'tis safer to fight."

"I'm 'fraid we're 'ble to run short on ideals ef we keep wastin' them down there," said Ezra.

"Bless your heart, Exry, there ain't no danger o' that. Single track minds, ef trained proper, kin make everything they run acrost into ideels, as slick as hen feed makes eggs. Hist'ry don't tell of no such output of happy thoughts an' smooth proph'cies as we got in the past three years. They hain't all come out 'cordin' to sample an' prediction, but there they be—signboards on the road to p'fection."

"Wal now they mean ter do right," said Scrag. "Why don't ye give 'em credit fer it?"

"Good intentions, Scrag," said Eben, "is somethin' like a pinch o' salt in the burnt soup—spiles the salt an' don't help the soup. Bless ye, I'm willin' to admit that they don't mean no harm, but if the policies they insists on does harm, we ain't so well off as if they'd meant harm an' done good. Good intentions is a fine fireproof pavin' mater'l. They say the mor'l quality of an action lays in the intention, but the p'litical effect lays in the result. An' ef you seen a lot of lemons growin' in a peach orchard ye wouldn't need no Moses or Elias to tell ye somebody'd made a bull."

"They kape sayin' 'thin's is cheerin' up," said Colgan, "but av this they're cheerin' I'd hate to see them in grief. 'Tis like a fire in a bughouse. I dinnaow f'what they'll do at all at all."

"I don't reckon they'll train the dagos to be self-gov'nin'," drawled Ezra. "It'll take more time than they've got. Mebbe the Lord kin do it, but He's got eternity. One good thing is when ye come to the end of a single track ye can't do nothin' but back."

"Yes, ye can," said Uncle Eben. "You kin stand still an' whistle."

ONE SOUND FROM YOU AND I'LL GIVE YOU TO THE BIG UGLY POLICEMAN

THE INTIMIDATING NURSEMAID

OH I GIVE THE BABY ANYTHING JUST SO HE IS QUIET

THE INDULGENT NURSEMAID

THE GOSSIPY NURSEMAID

AND THEN THE MISSIS SAID TO HER HUBBY—

THE LITERARY NURSEMAID

SAY YOUR BABY HAS FELL IN THE POND

THE SCIENTIFIC NURSEMAID

HOYLE ON BABIES

THERMOS BOTTLE

THERMOMETER

ALARM CLOCK

SCALES

MILK

WATER

THE PRIMING NURSEMAID

THE ALTRUISTIC NURSEMAID

DAT CHILE WAS SOME HUNGRY BELIEB ME

THE MAKE-HAY-WHILE-THE-SUN-SHINES NURSEMAID

THE MILITANT NURSEMAID

RAH! RAH!

MORE SALARY LESS WORK PAREGORIC FOR THE KID, DOUBLE PAY FOR TWIN'S

THE FEMINIST NURSEMAID

CENTRAL PARK

PARAGORIC

THE 10 A.M. PARADE

Moore in the Parks